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ON THE CORAL KEYS.

ODD CUSTOMS OF PEOPLE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

Types of Men that Live in Mutual Hate. Business Habits of the Residents of Key West—Facts About the Island. Flat as a Pancake.

Perhaps there is no place in the United States so much talked about in New York and so little known as Key West. It is generally associated with cigars. It is the largest of a series of coral islands, called keys, which dot the ocean at the southern end of the peninsula of Florida. It is entirely away from the mainland, which is only to be reached by steamer. But on this coral reef is a city containing 20,000 inhabitants, consisting of Conchs, Cubans and negroes, with a few Americans. Perhaps the island has a bright future before it, for it has had no past and very little present. While other cities in the Union have been up and doing, this coral key has been asleep in the gulf. It is the most southerly part of the Union—in fact, the very end of the United States. The city is the only one in the country where neither snow nor frost has ever been seen; the temperature is about 75 or 80 degrees in the day and about 65 at night. Communication is kept up with the rest of the world by means of a line of steamers from New York, another from New Orleans, and a mail steamer two or three times a week by way of Tampa, Fla. By the last we get New York papers about three days old.

FLAT AS A PANCAKE.

The island is as flat as a pancake; the highest point being only twelve feet above the level of the sea. One would think that during a storm the sea would roll over the island and drown out poor little Key West. The city proper is densely populated, but is as unlike an American city as possible. All the houses are made of wood and built quite plainly. There is no show of ornamentation or decoration, to say nothing of what is called architecture. Once in a while you may detect something that looks like lattice work, but it is plain, and is not intended to display anything. Many of the stores have no signs upon or about them, and the storekeepers look as if they did not care whether they sold anything or not. There are no hotels, and those who desire a temporary residence have to hunt about for a boarding house.

When it is found, the boarders would consider a New York boarding house, decided as it so often is, a palace in accommodation for eating and sleeping compared to one in Key West. The streets are wide and dusty, for there are no sprinklers. In fact, water is such a luxury in the dry season that it cannot be wasted in sprinkling the streets. It is rain water caught in cisterns when the heavens furnish a supply, and is often carried from place to place in pails supported by a yoke from the shoulders. An attempt was one time made to drive an artesian well; but the water when reached was so brackish that it could only be used for the extinguishing of fires. The dust flies continually. The roadway is hard, being the solid coral rock itself. There is no surface soil. What passes for soil is nothing more than this rock ground up. It is a nice thing to have blown over new black clothing, and still a nicer thing to get out of the cloth afterward. As before stated, the population consists mainly of Cubans, Conchs and negroes. The Conchs are in reality natives of the Bahama islands, but everybody in Key West calls them by that name.

A SOCIETY OF HATERS.

The Cubans dislike the Conchs and the Conchs detest the Cubans, while both together hate the negroes. A happy state of society may therefore be imagined. They are as distinct as can be, but their localities are known as Conchtown, Niggertown and Cuban village. Each has its distinct amusements, occupations and turmoil. The few Americans seem always to be planning how best to get away from the island. Cigar making is the principal employment of the Cubans, and there is plenty of work for them, as Key West contains 125 cigar factories. It is said on good authority that 90,000,000 cigars are shipped away from the island every year.

The Cuban is not very strong looking. His sports are gambling and rooster fighting. The women are fairly good looking, given to wearing high heels, lace shawls and face powder. Both men and women smoke and chatter like magpies. They stand around in crowds and make a noise more like a lot of geese than human beings. Their food is principally oil, pork, bananas and coffee. Their coffee is good, but made so strong that it will stain the cup from which it is drunk. When in a restaurant the Cubans appear to talk all at once, each trying, as it were, to drown the other's voice and gesticulating as if about to strike each other on the face. The odor of the Cuban restaurant is generally too strong for the olfactory nerves of one brought up in New York. The Conchs are the fishermen of the island and the gatherers of sponges. They are a large, rough class of men and apparently very ignorant. One marked feature is their accent, which is considered the characteristic of the Londoner—the dropping of the aspirate where needed and using it excessively where not wanted. They use their fists when fighting, while the Cubans are too ready with the revolver or stiletto. The negroes are employed in Key West, as elsewhere, in menial labor, and are as lazy as in the other southern states. Together these three races form a very mixed and far from harmonious society—one that is not likely to be met with anywhere else in the United States.—New York Mail and Express.

A Glimpse at the Czar.

The reserve which for many reasons was forced upon the present czar while yet their apparent seems to have grown into a settled habit. In society, during the St. Petersburg season, which, however, plainly bores him as much as it visibly delights the empress, there is nothing more striking than his majesty's mild and severe look at one and the same time. It is curious in this connection that among all his portraits painted since his accession there is no uniform and settled stamp of expression given to the face. For some time past, however, the gloomy cloud that used to hang about the brow long after the terrible death of his father has been gradually wearing away. In order to be seen perfectly at his ease, he should be observed with his children in the grounds of Gatschina, where he is much more at home than in St. Petersburg. His physical strength, it is said, fully accords with his enormous size of body and limb, and one often hears it said that he can easily break an ordinary horseshoe with bare hands. Of one thing there can be little doubt, and that is certainly his tenacity and obstinacy of opinion and purpose.—St. Petersburg Cor. London Times.

I LOVE YOU.

BY HARRY W. EMMET.

Is there music in Heav'n so melodious and sweet?
Are there cadences softer above you?
Is there ever a sound that more fervently stays,
Is there ever more beauty in angelic praise,
Than the voice of the woman who tenderly says,
"I love you?"

Are there songs more ethereal? or songs more divine?
Are those songs ever sung far above you?
Are there chords ever struck more productive of joy?
Are there notes ever purer? more free from alloy,
Than these words from a woman so gentle and coy,
"I love you?"

Is there bliss more delightful in heavenly breasts?
Is there happiness stronger above you?
Is the joy over sinners around that great Throne
Ever half the sweet rapture that mortals have known
When they hear from the woman they clasp as their own,
"I love you?"

Is that life so happy? so fresh can it be?
Is eternity wakened above you?
Does life beam anew in the far-off blue skies?
Like life here on earth, when the weary heart flies
To the woman who vows and who proves till she dies,
"I love you?"

Ay, proves; there's the secret! The hope upon hope
That belittles all else that's above you:
The thought of a bond that none other can break;
The thought of a dream that allows no awake!
The thought of three words we must never forsake—
"I love you!"

The love of a father is gracious and grand—
Instill'd by th' Almighty above you,
Affection 'twixt brothers quells many a strife,
But, oh! for the day, ere the woman be wife,
When she softly declares as she gives you her life—
"I love you!"

The dear love the streamlet so fresh and so cool;
The flow'rs love the sunshine above you;
The daisies for dewdrops so lovingly yearn,
But naught else in Nature can say in return
Like woman, sweet woman, who lives but to learn,
"I love you."

Oh! glorious lesson; no proof is required;
Never, since the Creation, above you—
A feeling of pleasure! a gladsome surprise!
With the words on her lips, there is proof in her eyes;
Ever since Mother Eve, how she longly cries,
"I love you!"

No! There can't be more music; there can't be more joy;
Such life has no equal above you;
For Love must be Heav'n, and Heav'n must be here,
And the songs of the angels—sublime and sincere—
Is the voice ever saying, so sweet and so dear,
"I love you."

—*San Francisco Post.*

Physician and Patient.

The question of how long treatment should be continued in a neurotic case when no evident benefit is produced has recently been raised in a Hamburg law court. A medical man, having as a patient a merchant suffering from "nervousness," treated him by galvanism. Altogether he galvanized him 445 times, but the nervousness did not disappear. Then came the matter of fees. The sum claimed was $556. The merchant disputed this on the ground that the treatment ought not have been continued so long, as it was not producing any benefit. The court referred the matter to the medical board, which gave as its opinion that the doctor ought to have asked the patient, after some fifty sittings, whether he would like to continue them, as it was doubtful whether the treatment was doing any good. The court, however, declined to accept this view, holding that it was for the patient to say when he had tried the treatment as long as he was disposed to pay for it, and so gave judgment for the full amount claimed. This judgment seems to accord with the principle that applies to newspaper subscriptions. A man must pay for his paper as long as he takes it from the postoffice.—London Lancet.

The Manicure Club.

Not a day passes that some new club is not started here. Many of these organizations live but a season and then go to pieces like a house of cards. Some one with a gift for figures might count up these clubs and arrange them in alphabetical order, for one of these times, in after ages, archæologists may wish to know about them, and what do you suppose they will ever think of the "Manicure club," the very last to be born into the social circle, if nobody places it on record? This special club consists of ten members, devoted to the culture and improvement of finger nails, as its name implies. It meets once a week, and the prize condition of those 100 finger tips is something for the "professional" operator to dream about! After each fair member's nails have been duly examined and criticised by the "committee," a paper on the subject of hands, their care and culture, is read, and then the club adjourns to a luncheon that drives filbert nails and half moons into the background for the time being.—Boston Herald.

Institution of the G. A. R.

The fact that the Indiana G. A. R. announced its meeting this week as the eighth annual encampment, while the Illinois encampment was announced as the twenty-first, called out a statement from Maj. O. M. Wilson, in which he asserts that the G. A. R. was instituted and inaugurated in Indianapolis in August, 1866, by Gen. Robert S. Foster, when twelve members were initiated, among them J. H. Holliday, editor and proprietor of The Indianapolis News, and C. A. Zollinger, now pension agent for Indiana. Gen. Foster got the idea from an Illinois officer named Stephenson, who said he didn't have money enough to push it, and that Indiana soldiers would take hold of the matter better those in Illinois. At the Pittsburg convention of soldiers in September, 1866, Maj. Wilson, as Gen. Foster's adjutant general, organized the G. A. R. in eight states.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A LITTLE NAVAJO.

INDIANS WHO DISLIKE THE LOOKS OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.

An Artist's Attempt to Secure the Picture of a Navajo Baby—A Cunning Little Savage—Obliged to Give Up the Chase.

As we know, the Navajos are an American tribe of Indians, scattered for the most part over the territories of New Mexico and Arizona. Quite a number of them live with their families, in the curious little habitations they erect, about the frontier military station at Fort Wingate, New Mexico. It is in this latter place that I have had the opportunity, for over two years past, of studying many of their ways and customs. And it was here, too, that a few days ago I went out among them with a photographic camera, armed with an English instantaneous shutter, with a view of taking a few pictures of them while they were actively engaged in some of their very interesting games.

After having obtained four or five more or less satisfactory plates the Indians became quite restive, as they rather object to that sort of thing; and, as if by common consent, they gradually disappeared, a few at a time, making for one of their low, conical shaped mud huts, where they entered through the single small door at its side. In less than half an hour there was none of them to be seen outside at all, and knowing full well that they would not appear again so long as I remained upon the ground, I shouldered my instrument and prepared to come away. At the time I was standing between two of their huts, situated some 300 yards apart, with a well beaten though narrow footpath passing from one to the other. There were no trees within a quarter of a mile, the plain being sparsely covered with sage brush, the plants being from two to three feet high.

A LITTLE TEN-MONTH-OLD.

Just then one of their babies toddled out of the doorway of the upper hut; the child could not have been over 10 months old, and wore only a very dirty little shirt, which came about half way down to his knees. It looked more like an infant Eskimo than any child, not white, that I know anything about; and it started right down the path with a very unsteady baby waddle, making for the lower hut, where I imagine its mother had taken refuge from my merciless camera. I had often longed for a good picture of a Navajo baby in its native plains, and here was an opportunity not to be lost. So stepping a few feet out of the way, in an instant I had my instrument in position, focused on the path, and, with instantaneous snap ready, I stood quietly for my subject to pass. On he toddled until he came within thirty feet of me, when he suddenly stopped and, to my surprise, seemed to fully take in the situation.

At this stage I felt quite sure that one of our babies, especially at this tender age, would have begun to cry and more than likely retraced its steps to the hut from whence it had issued. Not so, however, this infant Navajo; and, mark the difference. He steadily watched my every movement, and was evidently determined to reach the lower hut. Very cautiously leaving the path on the side furthest from me, he was, in the next instant, behind one of the sage brushes, which was something over a foot taller than the baby. From this position he peered through the leafless twigs at me to see what I would do about it. A little annoyed at this turn in affairs, I threw the focusing cloth over my head and turned the instrument on him. Taking advantage of this temporary concealment of my head, he ran, thoroughly baby fashion, to the next lower brush, a distance of some ten feet, where, hiding as before, he crouched down and stared at me like a young lynx through the twigs. He now looked, for all the world, the young Indian cub at bay, with all the native instincts of his ancestors on the alert, and making use of all the strategy his baby mind could muster.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

It was a wonderfully interesting picture to study; but, fearing that I would lose a permanent memento of it, I turned to lift my instrument, with the view of taking a much nearer position, when, again facing the brush where I had last seen the baby, it was, to my great surprise, not there, but had scampered to the next lower one, in the direction of the hut for which it was bound. A full grown buck of the tribe could not have possibly managed this last movement any better. As it ran to the still next lower brush, I was astonished beyond measure (for, I take it, I am a good stalker myself) how it took advantage of everything that lay in the short intervening distance, and how, after it arrived at the brush, it immediately took a position on the opposite side of it, from where it could make another quick start, and yet not lose sight of my movements. And, mind you, all this from a baby only 10 months old at the most. As it was rapidly gaining its point and approaching the lower hut, in sheer desperation I ran up on its last place of concealment, holding my camera in such a way that I could immediately place the tripod in position, which I succeeded in doing with the lens leveled directly at its head, and not three feet from it. It now stood up to the full extent of its baby height, and giving vent to a genuine infantile bawl, it made a break for the final point of its destination, for there was nothing else left for it to do. It is almost needless to add that, before I could focus and insert a plate, my Navajo baby was out of range. And, fearing that its angered mother might appear at any point, at the cry of alarm of her child, I immediately forsook the ground.

My object in making a record of such an interesting case as this is to simply draw attention to the fact that the native instinct of these American Indians is exhibited in their young at a wonderfully tender age; and in this particular they differ vastly from our own children at a corresponding time of life, and reared, as they have been for ages, in a civilized environment.—Nature.

A Tenor and His Throat.

Niemann, the illustrious tenor, prefers to expose his throat to the cold air and to promenade in the streets, after singing a laborious role rather than to muffle his neck and go home in a close carriage. The cold air serves his larynx as a tonic, and the prime donne who are afraid of it make a mistake, he thinks.—Public Opinion.

President Barrios' Son.

Tony Barrios, son of the late president of Guatemala, is a student at West Point, and young Zarala, son of the man who overthrew and caused the death of President Barrios, is also at West Point and his classmate.

ALL CRIMSON AND GOLD.

Private Theatrical Boxes That Are Sumptuous in Their Appointments.

The person who sits in the auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera house and looks around him finds himself encircled by two tiers of private boxes. At least the private boxes are all that strike him of his environments. These boxes are alike, as far as shape and furnishings are concerned. They are deep, broad and commodious enough. They were originally upholstered in yellow velvet, which gave the house when it was opened a most bizarre aspect. Now they are all crimson and gold, and the effect is rich and harmonious. Some are in choicer locations than others, but all are in the main more private boxes, such as are familiar adjuncts of the proscenium of any theatre, only larger and more sumptuous in their appointments than most theatrical boxes.

But behind each of these boxes is a private room, the same size as the box itself. Originally these anterooms were fitted up in keeping with the open section to which they give access. But wealth demanded more than mere richness of them. Taste and tastelessness have made great changes in the interests of display, and few, indeed, retain their original sumptuous simplicity. Some box holders have transformed them into little drawing rooms, opulent in furnishings and decorations, where pictures adorn the walls and costly bric-a-brac abound. Some have made little alteration in their snuggeries, but when they take a party to the opera have them profusely decorated with flowers. In one way or another these nooks reflect the tastes and the habits, the pretensions and extravagances of their owners, and are the scene of many pleasant and some decidedly piquant social episodes.

It has got to be the fashion for ladies to hold regular evening levees in their anterooms at the opera. They receive friends in them, and retire to them when the act happens to be a dull one. Business men even transact business in them. There is a good deal of loud talking and ill bred merriment in the boxes during the performances, but there would be much more if the anterooms were not so convenient. Like every other new toy it chances upon, society seems to get a great deal of fun out of them, and, considering the price it pays, one can scarcely grudge it whatever pleasure it may reap from its investment.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Adelaide Neilson's Childhood.

A lady prominent in the social life of this city has in her employ as parlor maid a woman from a little village in Yorkshire, England, where Adelaide Neilson was born. The woman says the actress had neither Spanish nor Gypsy blood in her veins, as she claimed, but was the child of a basket maker, a poor, drunken fellow, and a Yorkshire woman, a decent soul, but wretchedly poor. Lizzy Jones, as Miss Neilson was then known, was noted in the village for her beauty and her idleness. She spent all her time hanging about the shops and gathering all the news travelers and peddlers brought from the outside world. When she was 12 years old her uncle was going up to London, and Lizzy coaxed him to take her with him in his market wagon to see the great city. When they reached London bridge the girl dropped off the tail end of the cart and her family never heard of her again until they learned that the great Adelaide Neilson was their daughter Lizzy. Only five years had passed between the time that the barefooted country girl, who spoke with a strong Yorkshire accent, had dropped from the back of the cart and the time when she appeared as Juliet. In those five years she had attained the education and bearing of a gentlewoman and had mastered French and Italian and the still more difficult tongue for a Yorkshire peasant, pure English.—Philadelphia Press.

Looked Like the Jack of Spades.

Mrs. English, the mother of Lucille Western, an actress of merit and beauty in her day, told an incident of her past theatrical career, in which a certain tragedian, of rather stout proportions, was the unfortunate hero. He was playing Macduff to her Lady Macbeth. The child who played one of the apparitions which warn Macbeth of Macduff became very fretful before the curtain went up, and began to weep copiously. "Lucille," said Mrs. English "brought the child a pack of old cards from the property room and endeavored to keep her interested in them until it was time for the infant to appear. 'This is the ace of spades, this is the king of hearts,' said Lucille, 'and this little fat fellow is the jack of spades.' When it was time for the apparition to appear the child had finished its crying spell. 'Macbeth, beware,' it recited, 'Macbeth, beware of'—here she became confused and looked hopelessly back for assistance. The gentleman who was playing Macduff waved his hands to attract her attention and tried to give her the cue by pointing to himself. In his short kilt, plumed bonnet and general rotundity of figure he had a most unfortunate effect upon the infant. 'Oh, yes,' she said cheerfully, 'Macbeth, beware of the little man that looks like the jack of spades.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Catching Runaway Boys.

I've captured so many runaway boys at the Union depot in the last few months that people have got to thinking it's my specialty—as if a policeman could have a specialty. But I have got my eyes trained pretty well by this time to look after runaway boys, and I flatter myself that I can tell one of the chaps as soon as I see him. You see, the runaway boy is never experienced, either in traveling or any of the ways of the world, and he betrays himself very quickly if he is given an opportunity. He generally appears at the depot in pairs, and if the two don't do something very singular in buying their tickets they are certain to trip in finding their way to the train and getting on board. Some they are loaded down with flashy papers or books, and sometimes they are armed to the teeth with pistols, as often stolen as bought. Generally they have their pockets filled with money, stolen from some relative, and their destination is almost invariably some western city. When they find themselves arrested their courage disappears at once, and one or the other makes a clean breast of it.—Globe-Democrat.

The Dude of Chinatown.

The cynosure of all eyes was Ah Spud, who has amassed a fortune as a potato peeler in one of our leading hotels, and who is the acknowledged dude of Chinatown. As Spud stood in the center of a group of Chinese dudes, envious glances were cast at his costume. Under his silken blouse he wore a spotted piquet shirt of the latest style affected by society young men, and this was the cause of the jealousy in his rivals. Ah Spud explained that there were but two shirts of the pattern worn by him in the state.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

THE MOST CELEBRATED REPRESENTATIVE BODY IN THE WORLD.

What May be Seen by a Visitor in the Gallery—How Business is Conducted. No Limit to the Length of Speeches. Mr. Gladstone the Chief Magnet.

A visitor goes down to Westminster, let us say on Monday, when the house of commons is to meet, at 4 p.m. (nominally), in order to see the oldest and most celebrated representative body in the world. After being elbowed about among the "strangers" (as the British public are officially designated in what is supposed by a polite fiction to be their house) and ordered about by policemen who look at him as though he was a spy or a traitor, the visitor takes his seat in the gallery and glances down into the arena. It is 4 p.m., and the speaker is in his chair, but there are few members present, and nothing seems to be doing. After a while the visitor becomes aware of a dumb show going on—a sort of pantomime in which the chief performers are a clerk in wig and gown at the table and a gentleman who stands at the right hand side of that piece of furniture. It is the reading of the private bills. If any of these should be opposed, members will flock in, and there will be a debate and division. But otherwise the chamber will be almost empty. Gradually members come straggling in and take their seats. There is scarcely room in the body of the chamber for two-thirds of the members, and therefore as the benches fill up the late arrivals take their places in the side galleries, whence they survey the scene. There are no conveniences for writing or taking notes, and as nearly every one has his hat on, a less businesslike working body it would be difficult to imagine or describe. It is more than 4:30 o'clock before the real business begins, for these gentlemen who are supposed to be devoting themselves to the service of their country are really engaged during the working part of the day on their private affairs. Their best energies are given to the stock exchange, or the law courts, or the office, or to pleasure; the dregs they kindly offer to the unfortunate country.

BEGINNING OF BUSINESS.

The first indication of business is in the notices of motion, members (who are called by name), reading out the terms of a resolution which they announce they will move on a given occasion. Then comes "question time," which generally consumes from three-quarters of an hour to nearly two hours. Any member who has previously given notice of his intention may put a question to any member of the government in the house on any subject, from a momentous diplomatic incident down to the parish pump of Little Pedlington. It cannot be denied that these questions sometimes bring forth valuable information, but that information might all be printed, instead of valuable time being consumed in the answers. For be it remembered that these answers are, in at least half the instances, all written down by officers in the particular department, and the minister merely reads what has been prepared for him.

To show the absurdity of this in reference to Ireland and the consequent necessity of home rule there, a member gives notice on Monday of a question he will put on Thursday to the Irish secretary. That gentleman probably knows nothing of the subject matter of the question. He writes or telegraphs to Dublin for information and on Thursday receives a reply from Dublin which he solemnly reads in the house. It would be difficult to conceive greater inaptitude. Some of the answers given evoke party demonstrations on one side or the other, for the house is always full at question time. Whether it will be full immediately after depends upon the subject and the speaker. If there is an adjourned debate to be opened by an eminent member, most of the other members retain their places. Mr. Gladstone is, of course, the chief magnet; he attracts every one. Next to him Lord Randolph Churchill draws the fullest house; and after that erratic politician would come Mr. Parnell, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Morley, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir W. Lawson, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Chamberlain. But if an unimportant or dull man rises to speak there is a regular stampede, and where 400 or 500 men were just now sitting you will not see more than forty or fifty. The rest have gone to talk political gossip, or to write letters, or to see some of their constituents.

ARRAY OF EMPTY BENCHES.

By 7 p. m., or a little after, as a general rule, nearly all the members have gone to dinner, and the chamber presents a beggarly array of empty benches. To these empty benches and to the weary speakers the bores and wind bags hold forth for three mortal hours. The period from 7 to 10 is generally sacred to them. They have nothing to say and they say it very badly. You have read or heard all the old dreary arguments a hundred times over; but these men bring them out as impressively as though they were stating new ideas of the most profound nature. There is no time limit to speeches in the house of commons; and it is possible that this whole three hours might be taken up by one bore, though that is not often the case. At about 8 o'clock there is usually a brief cessation, when the speaker goes out for refreshment (which is popularly supposed to consist of a mutton chop and glass of claret); on his return the drooling continues. At about 10 o'clock p. m. the members begin to drop in, several of them in evening dress. If a good speaker is on his legs this is a lively time; if not, several of the gentlemen who have eaten and drank not wisely but too well go to sleep. Sometime between midnight and 2 o'clock in the morning the debate is either adjourned (generally after a wrangle), or there is a division; then, as the newspapers say, "the remaining motions are disposed of and the house adjourns."

Of the house of lords I will say nothing; it is too terrible a theme. A dozen peers and three or four bishops sitting for an hour constitute the nominal session of that body. What I have written is of the "popular" house. On that chamber decrepitude seems to have fallen. The visitor is struck by its listless ways. With a few exceptions the members do not seem to have gathered together to do anything; the nation's business is not transacted here. You meet several good and earnest men, a very few able men; but collectively they appear to be helpless. And so things are drifting, drifting—whither, who knows?—London Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

The grave of Capt. Crawford, who was shot by a Mexican troop while leading his command in pursuit of Geronimo last summer, is to have a monument.